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395

THEMISTOCLES,

A

SATIRE.

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A

SATIRE

ON

MODERN MARRIAGE.

———*Prece qua, fatigent*
Virgines ſanctæ minus audientem
Carmina Veſtam! HORAT.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF SELKIRK,

MY LORD ABERDOUR,

AND

MR. JAMES BURNETT ADVOCATE,

THE

FOLLOWING ESSAY

IS,

WITH THE GREATEST ESTEEM AND RESPECT,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY

THEIR MOST OBEDIENT, AND

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THAT luxury and effeminacy are (at leaſt in a great meaſure) the prevailing character of the age in which we live, muſt be acknowledged by every ingenuous, every unprejudiced mind, who will be at the pains to obſerve it with a ſtrict and impartial attention.

As theſe vices are productive of many bad conſequences, an inordinate deſire of riches is their inſeparable

inſeparable attendant. Pleaſure cannot be procured without a neceſſary ſupply of money; conſequently its deluded votaries muſt uſe every method to acquire it, as a mean for obtaining the gratification of their wiſhes.

FROM this pernicious deſire of gain, marriage itſelf is become altogether mercenary. A man, in the choice of a companion for life, never aſks what the character of the lady is, but how much ſhe has. If her portion is equal to what he expects, he immediately makes his addreſſes, and they are married, without the leaſt regard or affection for one another.

THUS

THUS the intentions of the ALL-WISE CREATOR, in inſtituting this amiable, holy and happieſt ſtate, are entirely fruſtrated; and the parties lead an inſipid, comfortleſs, and, too oft, a profligate life.

WITH a view to expoſe the abſurdity of this prevailing practice, the author compoſed the following ſhort eſſay, founded on a remarkable ſtory of THEMISTOCLES, which will do honour to this great man as long as his memory ſhall remain.

THE author hopes, that his early years may plead for the indulgence of the good-natured public; who,

for the moſt part, are inclined to judge favourably of a juvenile performance, and, by this means, cheriſh the tender ſeeds of genius; which, ſupported by their kindly influence, may, perhaps, come to maturity, and produce ſomething worthy of applauſe.

THEMISTOCLES,

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IN days, when the *Athenian* ſtate
For learned excellence was great;
When diſtant ſpread her lofty fame,
And all the world rever'd her name;
'Twas at that happy bliſsful time,
That *Virtue* flouriſh'd in her prime;
Then *Av'rice* was eſteem'd diſpraiſe,
As is *Religion* now-a-days;

Was ever laugh'd at, as a jeſt;
Or only found in *fools* at beſt:
No man of honour would incline
To what was baſe;—not for a mine:
But, generous, diſdain'd to raiſe
A fortune by diſhoneſt ways.

THEN mutual *hearts*, as well as hands,
Were join'd in *Hymen*'s ſacred bands:
Bleſt *Matrimony* was not made
A *Rule of three*, a ſhameful *trade*.

To ſhew that Truth here does not fail,
From *Athens* pleaſe to hear a tale.

THEMISTOCLES, who in the field,
The glorious palm to none would yield;
Who, too, in politics deep ſkill'd,
The poſts of peace with honour fill'd;

His

His only hope, one daughter had,
With ev'ry grace, a lovely maid.

HER beauty blazing far and wide,
Each Attic youth to gain her vied:
But all in vain, her *Sire* denied.
At laſt, there came a *noble fool*,
One who had ſcarcely been at ſchool,
But, rolling in his gilded car,
The fineſt to be ſeen, by far,
And truſting to a great eſtate,
Proudly approach'd her father's gate.

WHOSE fooliſh friends, caught by the ſhew,
And fond to ſee a glitt'ring beau,
Eager, ſurround the good old man,
And to expoſt'late thus began.

THEMISTOCLES, for once attend,
And to your friends due audience lend;
You know how much *we* have at heart,
In ev'ry caſe to take *your* part;
This man, who wants to make a match,
Tho' *weak*, you know, is *very rich*,
Therefore, pray now, take our advice
And in *punctilio*'s ben't ſo nice.

No, friends, reply'd the rev'rend Sire,
Bright glowing with parental fire,
No, never think that I ſhall ſtray
So far from ſacred *Virtue*'s way,
As, by deſire of pelf beguil'd,
So ſhamefully to *ſell* my child.

FOR know, this maxim ſtill ſhall be
A rule of life, a rule to *me*;

Since

Since *Marriage* was by Heav'n deſign'd
A bleſſing to the human kind,
No *meaner* views ſhould parents ſway,
But *Truth* and *Virtue* point the way.

THE wiſe THEMISTOCLES thus talk'd,
And of his love *My Lord* was balk'd.

BUT now, alas! in *Albion's* climes,
In theſe degen'rate ſordid times,
'Tis alter'd quite;—'tis not *bright eyes*,
But *money*, *money* is the prize:
Now, O! diſgraceful to be told!
Daughters and Wives are bought and ſold;
And decent *Nature's* golden rules
Contemn'd by *deſpicable* fools.

BUT ſtay, my *Muſe*, ſtay and admire,
Here ceaſe thy raſh *ſatiric* fire,

Two * NOBLE YOUTHS demand thy ſtrains,
Two who have broke th' accurſed chains;
SAGE BURNETT, alſo, *Learning*'s friend,
BURNETT whom *all the Nine* attend;
Deſpiſing *riches* in *their* choice,
Beauty, merit, crown their joys.
Their *virtues* ſhine with double light,
While *av'rice* ſheds her baneful night.

O may bleſſings from above,
Still attend their well-plac'd love;
May their lives ſerenely flow,
May they ne'er misfortune know;
May mankind, with conſcious ſhame,
Strive to emulate their fame.

* Whoſe names adorn the dedication.

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